



# CALIFORNIA GARDEN

Per Year  
One Dollar

JANUARY, 1917

Per Copy  
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Meandering Around the Garden  
Phormium (From Beauty to Utility)  
Suggestions for Women  
The Flower and Vegetable Gardens

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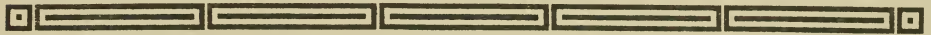
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# The California Garden

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No. 7

## Peace to be Found in Your Garden—If You Dig for It



EVER in our experience has there been such a general distribution of New Year's greeting, and the advertisement that did not open with such a sentiment was quite conspicuous by its omission. Our shirts bore the message from the laundry and the man who would sell us baby chicks opened negotiations with the compliments of the season. Naturally we desire that California Garden should keep up with the procession, so on its behalf we wish you all even more than you deserve in the coming year. That it will be a year of great interest even to mere garden folks all realize and according to our natures we await it with hope or fear. All of us, optimists and pessimists, keep on living as long as we can, adopting pet systems of diet and philosophy, and the days go by us just the same twenty-four hours to each, leaving us better or worse till one of them comes that is too long for us and we move to another sphere. Doubtless we worry over much and perhaps joy too greatly, as the sense of proportion is but a budding thing in humanity; certainly we habitually overestimate our own importance in the scheme of things and place undue weight upon our chosen

scheme of salvation and we will do it all over again in 1917 perhaps with greater intensity because of the world urge that is in the air. We are habituated to strife and competition and were real peace to come suddenly we would not know what to do with it, nevertheless California Garden must wish you intervals of peace and suggests that such are to be had in real gardens, those spots where men and women have expressed in living color and form their ideas of beauty, building up an atmosphere in which their best can breathe and expand. May the day of such gardens come nearer and nearer and it will as we realise that we have devoted ourselves to *making* livings, not to *living*, *whicze...nhchapseB.Natuimtubsttij* ara which is a very different thing. We are looking over a letter from war racked Europe from one who sat in a building as a shell went through, and it is an intimate discussion about his dahlia tubers and the chickens in his back yard. Does that not show the possibilities of the garden as a resting place where one can recover a lost grip upon things? For 1917 the California Garden wishes you a real garden for nerve rest and soul expansion.

## The Real Exposition Still Lives



WE have been upon a short visit to a city north of here a mile or so and found it almost in tears over the passing of our beautiful Exposition, the prevalent remark being, "Isn't it too bad your exposition is done away with?" Investigation showed that the Exposition in the minds of these people was not the exhibits, not the Isthmus nor the special events: not even the silk hats in which some of the officials bravely martyred themselves, but the lovely grounds and gardens, so to these it was said, "The gardens with the buildings that count in the picture are to remain and where inharmonious or useless structures are removed, ad-

ditional landscape features will be installed so that far from passing, the real exposition will be growing ever more beautiful. That which differentiated the San Diego from every other exposition is a living thing, a heritage for the children of today and not a passing show." Possibly it might be worth the while of those who send abroad in the land the message of the city to emphasize THE LIVING, not the passing of our Exposition.

This brings to the top our extreme sympathy with the present park board, struggling with the applications of numberless bodies thinking their little title good to some of the exposition buildings, while this



momentous problem of the maintenance of the exposition picture is so insistent. Gradually those features maintained for straight exposition purposes must merge into park items absolutely harmonious with the general scheme. To instance any of these now would be only to give a handle to protesters to protest and would serve no useful purpose, but that there are such must be known to all who know the grounds and have thought of their disposal.

We also recognize the folly of even referring to this matter while it is in ferment so to speak, but were we a Park Commissioner, which the good sense of mayors and our good luck has prevented, we would deem it a prime necessity in parcelling out the loaves and fishes from the exposition basket that every one fell to a legitimate parking use. Mere merit would legitimatise such a long list of applicants and might restore the Isthmus.

## A Review of the December "Garden"



FEW thoughts suggested by a careful reading of December number of California Garden may be of interest and perhaps helpful to readers of the excellent publication.

The article, "The Mysterious Mistletoe", was illuminating indeed. I did not suppose there were so many species of this parasite. That it will sap the life out of cottonwood trees, and mesquite bushes, certain as fate, after the pest once becomes well established on the host. I have often wondered how many of the self-styled "Nature Students" took enough time to dissect the branch of a tree, which was permeated with the roots of a well developed specimen of mistletoe. Again, how many of those who are engaged in the vocation of school teaching have been interested enough in their profession, to learn for themselves, how the seeds of this peculiar class of plants, are "planted" on their host. The method is hinted at by the author of the article, but if this observation on the subject is read by a pedagogue, I have to say to such a one: study up the subject yourself, by personal investigation. It will be interesting, and a mighty sight more profitable than reading many of the trashy novels, known as "the best sellers."

And this thought leads me to remark, that seventy-five per cent of the human race might as well have been born blind, in so far as it relates to their disposition and ability to see the beauties of nature as they exist in earth, and sea, and sky.

The varieties of roses which have done well with me are Ophelia, Betty, Rayon d' Or. If there is a more beautiful yellow rose than the last named I shall be pleased to hear about it. McArthur is a fine rose, indeed, but when it comes to quantity of flowers, of good color there is no variety that I have met with, equal to the good old Ulrich Brunner.

Of the Polyanthas, those of the Crimson Rambler type are a snare and a delusion, the prey of mildew five years out of six. I shall consign all mine to the brush pile this month.

Of the Cecil Bruner type all varieties are good. They are like the Irishman's whiskey, all brands good, but some better than others. The new one named Baby Doll is exquisite. If spectacular effect is sought after solely, then there is no rose equal to the "Ragged Robin."

The facetious remarks about *Tupidanthus* by the Editor, leads me to say that a fine specimen grew on the Huntington estate at Pasadena, a good picture of which I had made, and reproduced in *The Pacific Garden* several years ago. The freeze of 1913 put an end to its existence, but it seeded freely and the superintendent grew quite a lot of little plants. It is only good as a foliage plant in landscape gardening. The inflorescence is an interesting curiosity to people who have eyes, and use them in collecting a store of knowledge.

Relative to its propensity to become a scandant plant in its native habitat the statement may be true. We grow plants in the earth in this part of the world which are Epiphytes at home. Billbergias are of this class, and what beautiful things they are, either in leaf or flower. The wonder is that they are not extensively grown in all lath houses in this southland. I have been told that Solandras are Epiphytes in their Guatemala home, so also *Phyllocactus*. By the way, how many readers of the *Garden* know that this species of Cacti must be grown in shade, and watered freely during the summer months to do its best in this climate, moreover, they, too, are unsurpassed by any other flower for exquisite beauty, and will last several days as a cut flower. They should be found in all lath houses in this end of the state.

The article, "Calliana Canyon," is the production of a poet, an artist, a student of Nature, and a humorist of refined type. I hope that he is young in years, and has the time and money to travel extensively, and the disposition to contribute largely to the columns of *California Garden*.

P. D. BARNHART,

# What will Your Roses Be?

A. D. Robinson

**P**RUNING is now to be seriously considered and must be done before buds push. Before going into detail once again, for all this has been said before in this magazine, it might be helpful to inquire into the history and makeup of the rose. In the first place almost every variety we grow is a development from a few original species and not only that, the degrees of remove from the original are very many. There are now thousands of named roses and more than survive have gone into the discard. This fact alone would suggest the necessity for man's continuous intervention in rose culture, particularly as the aim has been mainly to produce fine blooms without much consideration for the other habit characterizations, except perhaps length of stem, and a vast number of varieties exist almost entirely for exotic or greenhouse growth. Between the wild rose and a Juliet are many steps, yet both are briars.

Two facts stand out as guides in pruning. First, that blooms are made upon new wood; second, that roses prepare to make more blooms than the bush can bring to perfection of size, color and form. Pruning is done to stimulate new growth and curb the too great ambition of the plant focussing its energy within its compass. The first step however in pruning is to remove all dead wood, also all soft shoots that have not matured, then in the case of old bushes where many canes remain they should be reduced to not more than four or five of the ripest and strongest of the last season, discarding the older ones. The selected canes should be shortened back to four or five eyes with the top one pointing in the direction to which the bush is desired to grow. This is modified by the variety, as in the Cochetts for instance, whose habit of growth being drooping it is good practice to trim to a top inside eye all the time. In larger bushes where trunks have been established the principle applies though shifted up to the newer growth above and expanded to meet the larger conditions. For all practical purposes the rule holds that the weaklier the growth the severer the pruning and vice versa. Growths should not be allowed to cross one another and no cut should be made without a reason, the small growths at the base of a bush are worse than valueless—they use up force for nothing. A sharp tool is essential so as to make a clean cut and half an inch above an eye is a good place to make it.

The above applies to pruning for fine blooms; where shape and quantity are greater considerations the mere shortening back of

growths with removal of all dead and sufficient live branches to allow air and light will be sufficient, and this applies to all polyanthas or baby roses where size is of the least moment. Our climbers are systematically neglected in this pruning matter and consequently suffer from overcrowding with its attendant scaly condition and a tendency to bloom only at the extreme top. They should be pruned similarly to bush roses only taking the main stems as a base and they are much benefitted by being taken from their supports and allowed to stay for two or three weeks flat on the ground, this has a tendency to make them bloom all along their stem.

When the pruning is done, spray with Bordeaux mixture and get a heavy mulch of stable manure on the ground.

It is probably necessary to the maintenance of even a small rose garden in this vicinity to buy some new bushes every year, our gardens are full of old soldiers that have served nobly and earned a rest. Most of the fine kinds are short lived, not in the sense of actually keeping alive but in producing the best blooms and every garden should figure on a complete replenishing at least every four years. This advice being brought home reminds of the removal this season of several standards that never were any good but have been an eyesore for four years because of the weak sentiment of hating to dig them up. Standard pruning is mainly the securing of a shapely bush like head to which end the direction in which buds point must be carefully studied and they must be headed back quite closely till the foundation for this symmetrical development is secured.

Prune, plant and fertilize, and so you shall reap a harvest in April. The season so far is very favorable but this magazine is issuing no guess much less a guarantee of what it may develop.

## Encanto Planting Poppy Seed

Eleven hundred acres of hills surrounding Encanto are to be planted to California poppies.

A meeting of the Encanto Heights Improvement Club was held recently at which plans were made for the work. Practically all the money needed has already been subscribed. Members of the club say they will do the work themselves. It is planned to have the poppies bloom in April. They will be planted so thickly that from a distance the hills will appear a mass of yellow.



# Just A Meandering

By A. D. ROBINSON



N the past twenty-four hours it has rained nearly two inches but the soil in the garden is altogether too trifling to make mud or puddles, so I can walk abroad dry shod and comfortably. Why at this time the garden should give me satisfaction none but real garden folks could see for it is apparently a flowerless waste littered with sticks and leaves and plants that show extreme dejection, if not suggesting dissipation, yet the very wetness is enticing after months of the other thing, and ungrateful as it may sound, I find the absence of bloom restful after such a riot of color.

I have sown Baby-Blue-Eyes and California Poppy as a border and the weather has been ideal for their growth but those infernal striped-head sparrows have been getting each tiny plant as it poked its head through the soil. We are getting quite mushy in our bird sympathy and fierce in onslaught upon the English sparrow but the striped villain and the read-headed linnet are not simply a menace, they are a marauding fact. As a gardener I suffer from the sportsman who won't let me protect myself against the quail and rabbit because he wants them preserved for his own killing according to the ethics of his cult, and also from the sentimentalist, who not only wants birds protected, but would have them provided with cute little houses and balls of suet hung upon strings. I have tried encouraging cats and hawks but both prefer baby chicks to the birds and really the latter seem to congregate around me in ever increasing numbers just to jeer at me and my livestock when not nullifying my planting efforts, and then some one gave the final insult by sending an application blank for an Audubon society.

Why don't we plant more of the Buttercup oxalis, it is now making a lovely green border with Chinese narcissus bloom stalks looking up through it. These have been there seven years without any care whatever and they never fail to welcome me at this time when most all else acts as if they did not care who knew they were tired. I have heard the oxalis condemned as a weed intolerant of control, but mine has stayed where put all these years and many times nursery folks have asked to buy bulbs. It was a real pleasure this day to turn for relief to the green stretch after mentally collecting all sparrows in one big funeral pyre.

The hedge of *Acacia Longifolia* never fails to set me speculating as to why it breaks into bloom in spots and little spots at that, today there are three squares of about a foot in a hundred feet, bright little forerun-

ners of an expanse of yellow come out to see if this old world is the same as last year. Of course I suppose some bud must blow first but why? I don't want the scientific reason of more sun, more water, that kind of thing, for it is not half so interesting as to think of the hedge as an entity that might act thus just as a lark.

Near this hedge are two *Eucalyptus Platyphilla* that in the past have been the excuse for much unwarranted pride. In the early growth they had enormous leaves that warranted some enthusiasm but now the size thereof and shape is decidedly commonplace and the tree in spite of topping persists in being tall and lank and the most rudimentary kind of bloom without any stem are coming like warts on the branches. This confession is made to offset prior and premature enthusiasm.

I grow several oleanders which never bloom well for lack of real heat but they invite and hold all the black scale in the garden that *Carissa grandiflora* does not harbor and I believe, when anything, man or plant, has found its job, it is mere common sense to leave it alone.

At last I am going to have a *Fremontia*. It has taken several years many plants and quite a bag of seed but from a large planting of the last a vigorous bush has grown. I was advised to treat this shrub with absolute neglect, to regard it as a pariah, something to be shunned by cultivator and hose, so I put the seed in the worst place I could find, and the finding was a matter of elimination for there were many eligible spots, and up came this chap and two others. The latter were not content with the location, it was not bad enough, and did not grow at all, but the first one having lit upon extra stony ground flourished exceedingly and is over three feet high. I have an idea that with this example of the poverty of the land other seeds will try it this spring for they were of an enduring kind not to be discouraged by one season's postponement.

Of course there are some flowers, dwarf nasturtiums with so many blooms on such small plants, the forgetmenots that love the infrequent clammy damp, violets that despise irrigation and smile at rain and the early narcissus, and when they are picked for the house and come in all moisture sprinkled, often covered with dirt siftings, how they do smell of the good growing earth and sing "He sends the snow in winter, the sun to swell the grain, the seed time and the harvest and soft refreshing rain." Perhaps



that is not quite letter perfect but it is the spirit not the letter I would convey.

The lathhouse, damp, Oh yes and beaten down but do you see those ferns pushing fronds the biggest they have ever had, the

cineraria leaves rising crisp from their limp waiting for just this? Feet wet? Why, of course go in and change; you are not a child of nature but the slave of a shoemaker.

## Suggestions for Women Who Want to Get Out and Dig a Little

(Charlotte Moffitt, La Jolla)



OR those who have a great desire for gardening but small space, small strength, small experience or small means, there still remains that most interesting of all garden features, the herbaceous border whose infinite variety time cannot wither or custom stale. It can border anything; a path, a building or the entire lot, and it can have a back ground anything or nothing.

The first requisite after you have decided on its location and dimension is to get your soil in the right condition and don't think you can't do it yourself because you can. Water it well first then with a stout fork or spade turn it up and spread it liberally with well rotted manure. Keep it pretty damp for two or three weeks, turning it over and over until the manure is thoroughly mixed with the earth and your longest trowel sinks easily to the handle and more.

When it comes to the planting, choose a simple design or grouping of some conspicuous flowers the repetition of which motif will unify the whole and then fill in with whatever suits your fancy, always taking care that there are low spreading flowers in the foreground and tall ones at the back, with middling sized ones in between. I have just planted one myself. My connecting note is a grouping of shasta daisies, ageratum, gypsophile and snapdragon. There are pansies in front relieved here and there by bunches of lobelia or alyssum. I have filled in with stock, morning bride, mignonette, gaillardia (dwarf) forget-me-not, bachelor button and larkspur. These are put in singly always, for there should be no grouping of color to take the attention from the motif.

I am afraid, now that I have it planted, that that motif is too inconspicuous, that it hasn't character enough; and I think I should have something spikey to vary the monotony of so many rounding clumps—Iris, for instance, or yucca. But never having anything perfect is one of the joys of gardening; afterthoughts to be carried out in another planting makes one's interest perennial. Then when one has a garden of one's own other people's begin to come into the field of conscious vision. From

these one gets suggestions, warnings and inspiration and so the horizon widens.

This sort of garden anybody can have and if you lack the courage or confidence to even take the initial step any seedman or gardener, amateur or professional will gladly start you on your primrose path which you must not for a moment think one of dalliance. Noxious weeds grow apace under favorable conditions, the sun bakes the earth, snails lurk everywhere, and flowers are continually fading and if these be not cut away your garden will soon come to look ragged and shabby.

It is well to have a little corner reserved for seeds from which your border can be replenished and so kept constantly fresh and blooming and, if you like, differing. The soil in this bed should be very sandy because the tiny root hairs are the intake of sustenance and if they be torn in transplanting the plant will wither or at least be stunted in growth.

### A WORKING COSTUME FOR THE MISTRESS OF THE GARDEN

I bought some plain green denim, the color of Marsh Willow leaves and had a little tailor make me two pair of workmen's overalls, with full array of pockets and straps. Then I bought enough rose pink chambray for a knee length smock. This I made myself, with round neck, long sleeves, and a loose belt so that the folds of the smock should not fall forward and get in my way when weeding. A second smock, of the same pattern, was of corn yellow chambray. I wore a true old-fashioned sunbonnet to match each smock.

For ten cents I bought a good sized chip basket and painted it willow green to match my overalls. This held my smaller tools, a trowel, scissors, gloves, and a folded kneeling-mat. This rug was a piece of an old green and white rag rug and could be washed as often as necessary. A pair of earth brown sneakers completed my costume.—Gobelina Fell Alsop, in *The Garden Magazine*, New York.

Meeting Notices on Page 14.

# PHORMIUM (A Transition from Beauty to Utility)

By CHARLES CRISTADORO, Point Loma



HE dictionary says that "indigenous" means born in a country, presumably originated there. They, in botany land, refer to Phormium as indigenous to New Zealand. No doubt when Tasman stepped ashore in the geographic act of putting New Zealand on the map, he was confronted with this wonderful lily swamp growth to the extent of thousands of acres. And so its profuse growth in the wilds of New Zealand resulted in its being regarded as indigenous to that far off island, but not exclusively, so it turns out.

man, who in time peopled New Zealand, in a crude mechanical sort of way, harvested and extracted the fibre from the green leaf of the phormium, discarding the leaf the moment it got dry as an impossibility, and sending great bales of this most useful fibre to the United States, it, with the henequin-produced sisal and the manila from the Philippines, going into that most necessary article upon the farm, around harvesting time, viz: binder twine, and binder twine makes the machine reaper an accomplished mechanical fact.

So much so that one writer credits Yucatan,



But the name of Phormium is not in the native language of New Zealand, but is from the Greek, phormios, basket. And why basket? Because no doubt the ancient Greeks learned that the most necessary and useful basket, which in the olden days filled the want of the modern box or barrel of today, was best made from phormium, that this graceful growth yielded leaves that, when dry, were as tough as leather, and so when woven into a basket, no better basket existed. The strength of phormium leads, in a fibre sense, all the rest. Hemp and the strong flax of Europe do not compare in strength with the fibre of phormium.

The Maori long ago learned, perhaps, more than the ancient Greeks as to the fibre value of phormium, for with a clam-shell he patiently scraped away the gum-charged pulp of the leaf and brought forth a mass of stringy threads, white and lustrous, and answering for thread or bow strings or rope incomparable.

It may be that the Scythians of the olden days, who used Varro's legions for arrow pin-cushions, made their bow-strings from this fibre gathered from the phormium plant growing in the oases of the desert. But the white

whence the sisal for binder twine comes (the greater part of it), with making it possible for us to have cheap bread. Without the reaper, and the twine that makes the reaper a rounded out useful piece of mechanism, our wheat would have to be cut with a sickle or scythe, and tied up by hand and the labor to do this would be so expensive as to make wheat cost much more even than in these inflated war time prices. And so this writer would have it that we must thank Mexico for our daily bread. If Emperor William were running Mexico, and placed an embargo on sisal, the presumption would be that we would go hungry, it being possible to harvest but a fraction of our wheat crop by hand.

Few, if any, have associated the graceful, waving lawn plant with the flax that entered into commerce, and which helped to tie up our wheat as it was cut and make it ready for handing to the threshing machine. When you see a waving Phormium tenax upon the lawn you can associate it with the strongest and most useful vegetable fibre grown.

And so we will turn our eyes from the lawn to the acres of phormium, to be grown and harvested much like corn, except that it takes



longer for a phormium to mature to a harvesting stage than it takes corn to ripen. Corn is an annual but phormium is not only a perennial, but in the fullest sense of the word, everlasting. It may take a little time from the planted root to mature into a fibre producing plant (two years more or less), but once phormium has taken up the serious business of growing, it virtually knows no bounds. The grower in New Zealand tells you that it is one of the easiest plants to grow, and that is so when grown from crowns or roots, the main difficulty being to keep the multiplying plant within bounds. It is of the lily family, in New Zealand a swamp lily, where thousands of acres grow wild and unharvested, producing of the green leaves sometimes as much as 40 tons of the green cuttings per acre. The same plant, phormium tenax (there are several kinds, but the tenax and the variegated producing the longest leaves), planted, say, like corn, but spaced apart eight by six feet to allow for expanding of the crowns and spread of the leaves, produces 50 tons and upwards per acre, of the green leaves, 8 to 10 feet long and weighing 8 ounces each. One two-year-old plant, from the root, up in our Fair Grounds, producing, it is said, 125 pounds of mature harvested leaves. What an acre of phormium would produce in the Imperial Valley, under the forcing environment of rich soil, intense sunshine and unlimited irrigation, no man knows. We can only conjecture by looking at an illustration on the front age of the "Christian Herald," Dec. 6, which shows the Bedouins actually weaving this gigantic phormium into dwellings on the desert, huts, so to speak, but spacious and strong. The Bedouins have been to some oasis and gath-

ered the dry leaves, cured and seasoned by the sun into a toughness incomparable and worthy, fully, of the "tenax" adjunct to this plant. We look at the illustration and study the shock of leaves, sere and erect, and note that the same must have been trimmed with a liberal hand. And doing so we can easily imagine the mature leaves on the plant measuring 14, maybe 18, feet in length. Now if this can be done in an oasis on the desert it can be duplicated in our Imperial Valley and in perhaps many places in the great southwest.

And so on the horizon the Phormium tenax, as a lawn ornamental plant, gives way to the New Zealand flax of commerce, for it is possible by proper machinery to extract, most conservatively, 12 to 14% of fibre from the green leaf. If, as the experts say, the Imperial Valley is easily to produce 100 tons of leaves per acre, and by simple processing 12 to 14% of most valuable fibre is extracted from these leaves, so much so as to promise to exclude from our market both sisal and manila, no matter how cheaply they may be produced, this phormium is to evolve from the beautiful waving lawn beauty into a gigantic bit of agricultural growth, the limits of which no man knows, for like the brook, the plant goes on growing forever. An agricultural empire is to open up to this phormium and this is to be followed by an industrial empire in turn, for this fibre is suitable for the most delicate and spider-like thread of surpassing strength as well as for the strongest of cables as thick as a man's body almost. Again it is not only adapted to binder twine of incomparable quality, but it is to be weaved into linen and fabrics of all kinds. The Japanese are weaving phormium into silken cloth today.

## Storing Dahlia Tubers—in England

From the Garden's good English friend W. C. King of West Hartlepool, England, comes the following advice for keeping dahlia tubers through the winter and it is too bad that this is not also a poultry magazine so that his eulogy on the White Leghorns in his back yard could be published.

"I noticed the article on storing dahlia tubers till planting time. You evidently store them outside under bushes, but we cannot do

that; they would be frozen to death. The method I adopt is as follows: When the tubers are lifted I wash all soil off at the tap and then the roots are put in a rack, stalks downward to dry for a day or two. This also lets all moisture drip out of the stalks and then when thoroughly dry I store them away in a shed in fine sifted and thoroughly dry ashes. I find this is the best way and I have tried all."





# Pickings and Peckings

By THE EARLY BIRD



HAVE been on a flight up the coast and at a Northern city, which shall be nameless because of the insanity which believes cities have separate interests, I was invited to come see a man who having money does not smell of it and knows it is but a means to an end. I went to see and in a brief interview he told me that while taking a successful farmer over his country place he had pointed with satisfaction to a hillside of live oaks and asked his visitor what he thought of that and the practical answer was, "Oh, don't let that bother you; you can burn it all off." Right there I wanted to see that hillside and all that belonged with it to a man who preferred live oaks to a citrus orchard.

I have always suspected that there was an excuse for the rich man even from the point of the early bird and I was destined to find it. He will be the preserver of Californian landscape to California and I am not sure but that I might forgive this one most of the crimes legally punishable in this state, because he has not committed that unpunishable one, the raping of California hillsides in the name of improvement.

Those who have read my lucubrations can form a dim idea of what I experienced while being conducted over twelve hundred acres of the most glorious of our foothills carefully let alone, and where the disturbances unavoidable in arranging for accessibility were being carefully restored according to God's original plan. I have always hungered for this chance since the planting superintendent, that excellent friend of The California Garden, P. D. Barnhart, besought me to send him a big bag of seed of the wild tobacco, and I saw that seed become almost trees in two years and laughed to think that they were safe from the fiends who rejoice in the bald earth.

What do you think of an hundred acres of our wild-flowers sown in the best soil and most prominent spots on the estate, sown after as careful ploughing and weed killing as if the lordly potato had been the crop; but there, the time is not far off when this oasis in a land of de-everything native will be regarded as a Mecca, a something almost holy.

It is hard to be consecutive or even understandable in attempting to condense into a few words the much worth while which I saw in a day of walking along ridge and canyon and up and down hill, for the atmosphere is the big thing. How little is the glory of those hillsides conveyed by the statement that they are a wilderness of lilac and rhus with fern and creeping things, that the creek lined with sycamores, now almost bare of their russet

autumn foliage, and thickets of willow, winds and turns in curves of beauty. There was nothing in bloom, hardly anything in leaf and yet viewed from the site of the house, two-thirds up the hill looking across the canyon and up it, those hillsides were deserving of the final award of merit "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these". I have never seen anything like our foothills, nothing so absolutely satisfying to me, particularly towards evening when the lights and shadows bring out the beautiful curves of each ridge. Some of these we call HOG Backs and lightning does not strike us. Oh, how patient are the gods. If there were nothing else on this place but just that range of shaded green hills it would be a spiritual education to live there, to live in their contemplation should develop soul in a real estate agent.

Most of the day was spent in meandering along trails through things as they have been for ages, where green moss and tiny ferns were reclothing the bared earth and the shrubbery in response to the added light was putting on a suit of new green from the ground up, and what a joy it was to find these trails neither straight nor even and I am not even sure that they had a definite destination. I do know we left them whenever we wanted to get anywhere.

Lots of you are not sufficiently emancipated from the atmosphere of planted and transplanted landscape to be able to have a full soul meal in the wild so let such be comforted, for carefully segregated so as not to intrude upon the indigenous, are thousands and tens of thousands of importations. Mainly centered around the house are all the trees and shrubs you ever heard of and more that you never did, especially selected so that they will become independent of hose or cultivator. Tulips by the—but why pander to your love of big figures, suffice it that they are all there in quantities large enough to make a showing in our big outdoors.

There is a pergola that runs from the house up a ridge for a few blocks or so, distance means nothing in those hills, and its treatment is so unique as to be deserving of comment. Of course the rise permits of delightful jogs which give a wonderful vista not procurable on the flat. The whole pergola is planted thickly and one walks on stepping stones over all sorts of creeping things of which Mr. Barnhart knows the names but I don't. There were countless primulas and cyclamen and two panels of Lobelia Cardinalis that I am proud to have contributed and a regular planting of Phoenix Roebelenii which are expected to form the final and sole feature.

I let that bare statement go for I have no palm enthusiasm and I love those other things. I have quite forgotten the varieties of the hundreds of trees and shrubs which are destined to hide the pergola from the hill side and I don't regret it for I retain the picture of the admirable idea of cutting the pergola from the wild hills with a forest, there being a distinct inharmony between them, and yet making that wonderful picture of the valley below the sea beyond the Catalina island in the distance. I am almost afraid to try and imagine the glory of the setting of the sun from that pergola; it must be so awful in beauty and magnificence that the naked eye should hardly see it. It must be like seeing "all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof."

Right out of these hills a swift auto snatched me back to the metropolis; not so swiftly but that I could notice how sanely the city is spreading in a growth of detached homes each with its piece of ground and breathing space, not in congested waves of forced movement, and the auto seemed bene-

ficient. In proportion there seem more vacant lots in the outskirts of the city proper than in the suburbs. But what shall I say of the city where I slept in a room that had no sun and never has or will have; where the tall buildings shade the street from side to side and the night noises are explosive and fiendish. At the crossings are lanes, very narrow ones, defined by white lines within which it is unlawful for autoists to kill pedestrians half the time! the other half, and the rest of the street, the season is always open and to show how it is done a machine knocked a man down and got on top of him right in front of my hotel as I returned from the theatre. The curious part was that pedestrians have got so used to it that the floored one just arose when the machine backed off and departed under his own power as if it were all in the day's work. Shall we ever again build a city pressed together as hay in a bale? Is there any more reason why we should do business on top of one another than live at home that way? Is the skyscraper an improvement or a disease?

## The Vegetable Garden

By Walter Birch



NOW that the weather is moderating a little and the temperature seems inclined to get back to normal again, it is a good time to bestir yourself in the garden.

This is the best season for cabbage or cauliflower, both seed and plants, and beets, carrots, lettuce, radish, turnips, etc., can all be put in. You can also plant your potato patch, as by the time the tops show above ground we are not likely to get much more killing frost. January is a good month to put out a few rhubarb roots, dig in some well rotted manure and if you plant strong roots you will have rhubarb ready for the table inside of sixty days. Wagner's Giant Seedling is a good variety for winter and Strawberry for summer. It is also a good time to plant your asparagus bed, use plenty of manure and two-year-old roots. If you want early tomatoes, peppers, egg plant, sweet potatoes, etc., you can get your hot bed ready now. Set a box or frame in the ground and fill it with fresh horse manure a foot or more deep, tramp it well down and cover with six inches of good soil. After the manure has heated and the soil becomes warm, plant your seeds and potatoes, do not cut the sweet potatoes, but plant them whole. Plant more peas, if you want the dwarf ones try American Wonder, and if medium to tall, Gradus and Yorkshire Hero. It is too early yet to plant beans, except the Broad Windsor, which is extremely hardy. Spade or plow up your spare land now and keep it stirred and plowed and later

in the season turn it over again and reduce to a fine surface, and you will have the ground in fine condition for your beans and corn in the spring. January is the best all around month for tree and shrub planting and setting out rose bushes, also for getting out your fruit trees and berry bushes. A nice assortment of fruit trees is a very material help towards the housekeeping and of course fruit raised by oneself is always better than what one buys.

The time is opportune now for pruning your deciduous fruit trees and vines, as they are as nearly dormant during this month as they get, and it is important to trim them at the right time. Do not be afraid to cut back straggly or badly balanced trees severely, they will be all the better for it. The Avocado is rapidly growing in favor, and people are beginning to realize that a fruit that is so valuable as a food is well worth having, to say nothing of its value as a handsome evergreen tree. You are quite safe in planting well established trees during the winter in this neighborhood, but they should be planted in a sheltered position where they do not get too much wind. Set out your strawberry bed this month and you will be picking berries in the late spring and early summer. Plant them 8 to 12 inches apart in the row and the rows about 2 feet apart.

This is a fine time to sow your wild flower seeds on the vacant lot or piece of spare ground, and you will be surprised at the result during the spring and summer.



# Monthly Excursion Through Exposition Grounds

By G. R. GORTON

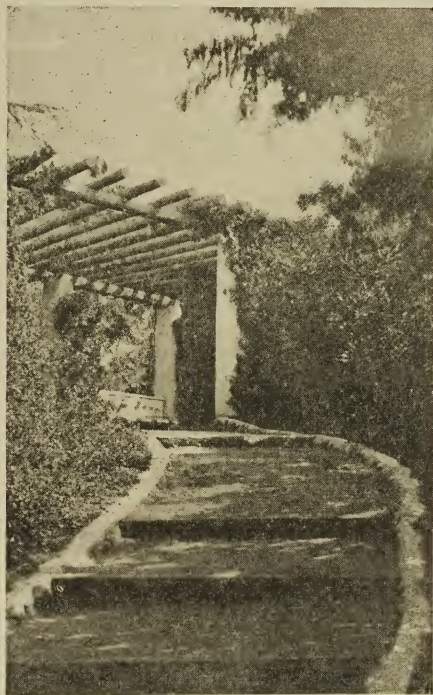
**W**E are loath to give up our exposition, even after two years of it, so we are to have three months of post nuptials. Nevertheless this month marks the beginning of many months of metamorphosis—if the alliteration may be pardoned—and from now on there will be decided changes in the aspect of things; buildings will be razed, and necessary adjustments of the landscaping made, but in the opinion of a great many of the visitors to the exposition, so vital a part of it is the landscaping that if all the build-

know, be spared the ravages of the wrecker, so the spell will not be broken.

As to what important landscaping changes will be made, it is probably a bit early to ascertain, but certain needed alterations will be made at once. The cannas north of the California Building will give place to Stocks in four varieties; the Montezuma gardens will undergo a complete transformation, and so on. In the Botanical Building necessary rearrangements are now being made, which consist principally in the removing of such plants as have outgrown their environment, and substituting those of a more suitable size, and in the repotting of those which have merely outgrown their containers. The building is especially attractive just now by reason of a very creditable display of seasonable flowering plants. The Cinerarias have made a good, strong start in flowering, while the Poinsettias are making a strong finish and still look very well. There are some exceptionally fine specimens of potted Schizanthus in mixed varieties, especially among those grouped near the pool in the conservatory. Cyclamen, Azaleas, Freesias, Primulas in abundance—obconica, chinensis, and melacoides all being well represented.

In the immediate vicinity of the Botanical Building there are several high spots of interest, e. g., a gorgeous *Cotoneaster argustifolia*, which is worthy of any one's time and attention, as these shrubs and their kindred generally are. This particular specimen is near the west entrance of the Foreign and Domestic Arts Building. Then there are the *Nandinas* northeast of the Botanical Building. These are always there, but it is well from time to time to call attention to the fact, as they are so very worth while. Just now they are displaying their very typical autumnal tints which constitute their principal charm. Along the same walk, and further towards the west, *Pittosporum rhombifolium* has come up to the scratch with its annual crop of golden berries, which are always pleasing. Still continuing along this same walk, this time to the south, a group of *Hardenbergia monophylla* alba brightens up the landscape with its very attractive masses of pea-shaped flowers. East of the Botanical Building is a planting of Candytuft—Machet by name—which is there to please those of us whose delight is in fragrance, and particularly the fragrance of those flowers which have always been our friends, and those of our parents before us.

To return for a moment to the subject of the colorings which we are apt to associate



ings were removed, which they will not be, the real exposition would still remain. Many of our guests during the past two years have been from among those who have "seen them all", and reached the point where they don't care very much about the exhibits housed in buildings, or the attractions noised upon the Isthmus, but are absolutely smitten with exterior aspect of the "Garden Fair" as Mr. Neuhaus rather punnily calls it. Fortunately, the principal and best buildings will, as we



with the fall of the year, the *Cryptomeria japonica*, which ornament a corner of the walk north of the California Building are blushed with a smoky tinting which needs someone more proficient in the subtle art of color determination than the perpetrator of these notes. Suffice to say that the colorings are good, and compensate in a large measure for certain difficulties attendant upon the growing of these trees in Balboa Park. Bordering the same walk the *Viburnum tinus* are enjoying one of their many seasons of prosperity, and are celebrating with a new crop of bloom.

North of the U. S. Government Building, forming an edging for the walk for a few feet, *Stevia serrata* fills the air of the immediate vicinity with the delicate perfume of its equally delicate white flowers. It is passing strange that this excellent plant does not occupy a larger place in our gardens, decorative-

ly useful as it is in so many ways. Not far away is a hillside of *Cassia tomentosa*, a sort of staple article in shrubbery plantings, and properly so. It has no bad habits, and can qualify to enter the society of the most exclusive exotics. Also on the hillside, and somewhat to the west, there is an example of what *Solanum Warcezwiczii* (this is a bonafide name, the printer did not insert it to fill up space) can do with half a chance. The specimen referred to is really two grown close together, but appears as one, and is an enormous thing. Also it is very decorative. Probably the exposition landscapers may claim credit for the introduction of this very ornamental species to Southern California, as, while it is somewhat grown in the East, it had not been planted hereabouts until the advent of the exposition.

## The Flower Gardens

Miss Mary Matthews



HE rains that we have had in the last two weeks, and those which we are still to have, from all appearances, should put the ground, after it is well worked and manured, in fine shape for winter planting; do not, however, spade when the ground is very wet. Wait till it is loose enough to crumble when handled.

This is a full planting month. Deciduous trees and shrubs of all kinds can be planted. *Leptospermums*; hawthorns, with their beautiful red or orange berries, *abelia*, myrtles with fragrant foliage, *genistas*, *pittisporums* and many others equally as well known, grow with only a minimum amount of care. When planting dig the hole deep enough to receive the roots without crowding, mix well-rotted manure with the soil and after planting firm the ground well.

I am very fond of the cassias, or sennas, often confused with the acacia. They are so thrifty and at this season reward us with a full display of yellow flowers. There is a newer variety, at least new to this section, that has spikes of brilliant yellow, *cassia Alata*, the "talantaea" of Porto Rico.

Prune all clinging vines close in to the wall or trellis. *Ampelopsis*, or Boston ivy, *bignonia tweediana* and the *figus repens* should not be left with any loose shoots hanging full, as in a heavy wind they are very liable to be torn from the wall.

Perennials that will bloom the first year if started at once are *marguerites* from cuttings, *penstemons*, *dimorphotheca*, or South African orange daisy, *gallardias* and some of the *delphiniums*.

There is a host of annuals which may be

planted at this time. Anything that you may fancy. Larkspurs do well when the seeds are put in this month, as they make a good growth in cool weather; likewise sweetpeas for early summer blooming should go in.

Stocks transplanted from flats, coreopsis, marigolds, African lark, French small, cornflowers, the Kaiser's favorite, zinnias, etc., can all be started. *Mignonette* should be in, also candytuft and sweet alyssum. In this try the lilac-tinted. There is also a pure red *ageratum* listed in the 1917 catalogs. We have now the blue and white with the addition of the red we can have a loyal bed in our gardens. When ordering your seeds add a few of the newer things to give an unusual note to your garden, but let the greater number be the old well-tried favorites. Someone speaking of this said the other day, "This year I am going to have just old-time flowers in my garden; people have neglected them so of late," and this is true to great extent, still some of the newer ones are beautiful. Buy your aster seed this month in separate colors and plant them in flats.

Attend to your lawn this month, if you have one. A lawn is a luxury in this country if you keep it up to the mark. Trim hedges, work in manure in the flower beds; let it be well broken up and thoroughly mixed with the soil. Bulb beds will have had plenty of water at present. Where the soil is dry enough loosen it up around the bulbs and when they show bud give nitrate of soda, a good spoonful to a gallon of water. Watch for slugs and snails around those just pushing through the ground.

## The California Garden

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Office, 727 E St., San Diego, Cal.

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### The San Diego Floral Association

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## February Meeting

The February meeting of the  
Floral Association will be held at the  
home of Mrs. John Gay, Fifth and  
Ivy Sts., Tuesday evening, the 20th.

#### DECEMBER MEETING

The December meeting of the Floral Association was held on the 19th at the home of President and Mrs. Stephen Connell, in Mission Hills. The main topic for discussion was "Planting Gardens Near the Seashore," and was very thoroughly handled by Miss Sessions, followed by Mr. Gorton, Mr. Robinson and others.

## Appreciative Garden Readers

Many readers of the garden have expressed appreciation of Mr. Fleming's article on the Mistletoe. A good letter has been received from Murray Horne, of Yorba Linda, who says he is sending Mr. Fleming's article to a brother who is the author of "Notes on Mistletoe" in the Journal of Botany. Mr. Horne also writes:

It occurs to me to suggest to your readers some plants that I have found to be of great merit and yet seem to be much neglected and which would succeed admirably in your location.

I would mention first, *Impatiens Oliveri*, a fall flowering species with blooms about two inches in diameter, of that peculiar color

much seen in the orchid family; a sort of lavender pink. This plant when grown in partial shade, such as an east front, will make magnificent clumps two feet or more through by three or four feet in height. Miss Sessions should have plants for sale by this time as I gave her some plants a year or so ago.

Other neglected plants are the newer buddleias. They are good "doers" as the English say, grow easily and fast and are very much at home in our climate. *Buddleia magnifica* var. is a great improvement on the older *variabilis*, has larger flowers and deeper color and quite fragrant; summer bloomer. *Buddleia Asiatica* is a shrub everyone should grow; a rapid grower. One in my garden has grown from a little slip of a plant eight inches high, planted in April last, to over ten feet high, and now is in full bloom, creamy white, rather small racemes, but most deliciously fragrant. The odor is quite distinct and very pleasant. This makes a fine cut flower and lasts a long time in water.

I am enclosing check to bring my subscription up-to-date, and wish your paper a prosperous New Year.

The Garden is constantly receiving from distant readers letters of commendation of this little magazine and its corps of volunteer writers. Miss Jane Weldon, of Santa Barbara, subscribes for the second copy to be sent to Pasadena, and at the end of her letter says:

"Your little magazine is full of interesting and vital information to Southern Californians and I greatly enjoy it."

#### FROM ACROSS THE SEA.



WHEN I read your interesting journal every month I more and more envy you your beautiful climate and it behooves every reader in San Diego who loves flowers to take the fullest advantage of Nature's kindest gift, because, without a suitable climate your efforts are not so well rewarded.

This autumn we have had an exceptionally heavy rain, day after day and week after week, but in spite of that I am glad to say that (Rosecroft) San Diego dahlias made a very brave show. "Miss Sessions" was exceptionally fine. Her white satiny blossoms were beautiful to see. The last three blooms I cut were seven inches across. "Guy Keene" keeps his color very well and is a grand flower; but (whisper it) "A. D. Robinson" has shown some white petals among his true color. I hope he will improve yet. However, these and the other unnamed dahlias have been grand. They are a different race to ours. I think the climate must have a great deal to do with it. Your seed is far stronger



and vitality appears to be at its highest point, due to a warmer soil.

Up to the end of September the outdoor chrysanthemums have been fine and so have all the flower borders. Begonias have done well this year, owing to the rainy summer. I was greatly interested in reading the begonia articles in the Garden and should like to drop in some week end and see some of your lath houses. Begonias have a warm corner in my heart and I consider them an ideal amateur's flower. I noticed in a catalog from one of the best growers, the other day, that they had brought out another double white one at the modest price of 35/- per tuber.

We are to have another phase of gardening introduced in this country. All the Town Councils are trying to obtain all vacant pieces of land and offering them to the townsfolk rent free for the cultivation of potatoes and vegetables and railway companies are offering all patches of ground along the railway sides for the same purpose. It is a grand idea and will be the means of every town trying to help itself by trying to grow its own supply and thus make it independent.

I was greatly interested in reading of the success which has attended the effort to preserve the "Torrey Pines" and am glad the natural monuments to your district are to be preserved. I sincerely wish you a happy and prosperous New Year and continued success in matters horticultural, both in town and out.

Sincerely yours,

W. C. KING,

80 Osborn Road, West Hartlepool, England.

#### DISCOVERY OF PHOENIX ROEBELENI

The Phoenix Roebelenii was found by Charles Roebelen, pioneer orchid collector, of Bangkok, Siam, in the fall of 1899, on the upper section of the Mekong River, Laos, in French Indo-China, while on his 20th annual expedition through that country in search for orchids. Very soon after its discovery it was introduced into the market at Ghent, Belgium, and quickly met with the favor of the leading botanists of the world as the most hardy and graceful palm.

The collection of the Phoenix Roebelenii seeds is very difficult and uncertain, and few can imagine what dangers a collector is exposed to in going through the flood plains of the Mekong River while gathering the seeds. To make this journey Mr. Roebelen takes four weeks each way, from the time he leaves Bangkok till he reaches his destination to gather his crop. This trip is made partly by means of a raft or house boat pushed forward by long poles. On arriving at his destination he must be lucky to strike a dry period so he can get under the plants to spread his sheets. If he is delayed in transit, or there is no dry period, the seeds will be washed away by the high flood, which very quickly covers the broad plains. This misfortune has happened

time and again to Mr. Roebelen, a fact which explains the uncertainty and scarcity of the supply of Phoenix Roebelenii seeds—Florists' Exchange.

#### NEW PLANT WIZARD

Miss Sessions has often spoken of the possibilities of California producing the bulbs which have formerly been imported from Holland, Belgium, and other foreign countries, and the following article in the Florists' Review shows that at least one Californian is alive to the possibilities:

Not in years has anything happened in trade circles that has attracted the public attention that is being given to the work of Charles W. Ward. It may be that Mr. Ward is not so poor a publicity man as some, but the idea of developing a Pacific coast supply of such plants and bulbs as have been imported appeals strongly to those who believe in "home folks first." The San Francisco papers have devoted whole pages to Mr. Ward and his Eureka establishment. Some of these special feature pages have been syndicated to other newspapers throughout the country. Two such have come out in January. The reporters call Mr. Ward "the plant wizard" and try to make of him a second Burbank, much to Mr. Ward's discomfiture, for there is nothing of the "wizard" in his make-up. But the Eureka enterprise has gripped his interest as nothing else has done in years—he is in it heart and soul as well as money and those who know the man and his methods know that no effort will be spared to make a success of the undertaking, which, after all, is only a plain business enterprise.

In looking over a list of seedsmen who are bidding for the various seed contracts advertised by the U. S. Government for free distribution, a good share of them are seen to be Californians.

The Chicago Florists' Club has started a campaign of advertising to get people into the idea of sending flowers as valentines on February 14.

Some Eastern seedsmen were planning their catalogues in December but ceased the negotiations with their printers when the peace talk was started, thinking the paper prices would go down. The dove of peace continued to soar and so did paper stock and the seedsmen are disconsolate in consequence.

In the spirit of war-time economy, I presume, a Norwich, England, man has produced a plant which bears tomatoes on the stem and potatoes on the roots. He calls it the tomtato.



## Irises in the Southwest

The Iris or flag, *Fleur de lis* of the French, is among the oldest of our cultivated flowers, its name signifying "rainbow" was given to it by the Greeks. The Iris is related botanically to Orchids on one side and to the Amaryllis and Lilies on the other. It is a favorite flower with the Japanese.

Irises constitute one of our largest groups of hardy perennial flowers; there are in cultivation now more than 190 species, with varieties almost too numerous to mention. When once established, an Iris bed should not be disturbed any more than is necessary, since ordinarily the plants do not blossom well the first year after being set.

Because of their general hardiness, and especially the drought resistant qualities of a large number of them, particularly the German Irises, they are admirably adapted for planting in southwestern gardens. There are few flowers that are as uniformly successful in Arizona, with our wide range of growing conditions, as the Iris. They can endure some alkali, strong light, thrive in heavy or light soils, grow with much or little irrigation and endure prolonged drought and heat. With their surface growing rhizomes they can even tolerate poor drainage. To be moderately successful, they require only the most ordinary culture. On account of the ease and success with which they grow, they should find a place in every garden. It is interesting to know that a number of rare Irises from Palestine and Syria which are grown with difficulty in the Eastern states, blossom and come to perfection in the mild climates of Arizona and California.

The writer knows of plants that have grown for several years on dry Arizona mesas with only the scant rainfall and the occasional flood water that collected in the basins surrounding them. In the heavy red clay soil in the cemetery of one of our larger Arizona mining towns, Irises are much planted and succeed beyond expectation. When established there, they grow and blossom year after year with little care, and they have come to be known to the children as "Easter Lilies." I know of no other flower that would thrive so well under the same trying conditions.

Irises are used to advantage in many kinds of planting, including massing, setting along borders of walks and drives, and also for naturalizing in back yards, in woods and along brooks. With their showy flowers and strict habit of growth, they are excellent for formal bedding and they lend themselves well to artistic effects. In addition to Irises heretofore mentioned should be noted the several dwarf Irises which are splendid for low borders, and the Spanish and English Irises, the two latter bulbous species indigenous to Spain.

J. J. THORNER.



We have attended a banquet of sixty chicken, folks not fowls, and really they are just like other people. You would not have known the difference between them and a meeting of our Chamber of Commerce or Exposition Directors. They got up on their hind legs, both sexes, and told how their operations were the saving of the ration and of a purely altruistic character. To hear them tell it they did not care if they had to eat beefsteak and oysters so long as the rest of the world paid them for chickens and eggs. There were 'steen of them who said they were quite unprepared to speak, and really it seemed true, particularly in one case where a nervous gent almost confessed to laying eggs.

We replied to a toast of President Wilson and the U. S. Government and took the liberty of saying both loved chickens and had their eyes on this particular meeting so that its doings could be incorporated in the next note to Germany. When it was all over the Chairman congratulated us on our remarks and expressed the hope that the people of San Diego would appreciate what we have done for them in bringing to their CITY the famous Barred Rocks of Rosecroft and we deferred reply till we had asked you whether you will or not. The answer is with you.

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